When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:
VVhere now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your childe,
(VVhich pleaſures fits an husband, not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poyſon breed.
Antioch farwell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
VVill ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt, as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He muſt not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
VVho attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highneſſe call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſſe
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard:*

Behold,

Behold, heer's poyſon and heer's gold,
VVe hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe, telling your haſte.

Meſſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue, flye after, and like an arrow ſhot from a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell it: ſo do thou neuer returne, vnleſſe thou ſay, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my piſtols length, Ile make him ſure enough: ſo farwell to your highneſſe.

Anti. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none diſturbe vs:
VVhy ſhould this change of thoughts,
The ſad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me ſo vſde, a gueſt as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe ſhould ſleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine eyes, and mine eyes ſhun them,
And danger which I feard, is at *Antioch*,
VVhoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me.
Then it is thus, that paſſions of the minde,
That haue their firſt conception by miſ-dread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,

Since